MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 24.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1806. [Vol. I.

Miscellaneous Selections.

"*Various*, that the mind—studious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

ANGELINA.

A TALE.

CHARLES BRUNVILLE, at the early age of two-and-twenty, obtained a captaincy in the Guards; and being liberally supplied by his friends, who were of the first respectability, was enabled to appear in every respect as a man of fashion; yet, gifted as he was by nature and fortune, his affections were of a more humble nature than accorded with the proud views of his family.

Angelina, the daughter of an aged veteran, whom misfortune had reduced to a state of indigence, was the object of his most ardent love, and she returned his honorable and disinterested passion with the warmth of uncontaminated innocence.—The opposition which his father made to his union with Angelina, though it did not alter his determination, in some degree restrained him; and, in the life-time of Cleveland, he forbore to act in open defiance to their authority. His death, however, throwing her entirely upon him for protection, induced him to sacrifice every consideration to preserve the woman he adored; and he prevailed upon Angelina to accept his hand, and introduced her to his family, as one he was determined to protect from injury or insult at the hazard of his life and fortune.

Exasperated at this conduct, Mr. Brunville instantly forbade him the house, and cut him off entirely from any claim upon the estate, as a punishment deservedly incurred for his disobedience.

Young and sanguine in his expectations, the pecuniary loss affected Captain Brunville but little, and the strength of his love for a woman, so undeservedly despised, rather encreased than abated. For some time they subsisted in a state of genteel affluence upon his pay; but a love of dissipation, which he never had prudence to restrain, and an increase of family, involved them in the greatest embarrassments; and as there are numerous temptations and resources in London, Brunville was not long a novice in theworld.

The gaming-tables were repeatedly visited, nor was he roused from his delusion, till he found himself the dupe of villainy: he returned pillaged and involved to his family——his father would not advance him a shilling to save him from perpetual imprisonment, and his children wanted the necessaries of life.—To one gentleman he owed two thousand pounds; he was importunate for payment, and Brunville could not raise a twentieth part of the sum.——

"Will you," cried he, almost distracted, "dearest Angelina, go to Mr. Barfleur!—inexorable as he is, he will surely be moved at the sight of such virtue in distress. Take our beautiful little innocents—they will plead to his heart!—Excellent girl, forgive this request, dictated by necessity."

Angelina paused a moment—tears filled her eyes—the struggle of her feelings was hard; but affection for her husband overcame the timidity of her nature, and, throwing her arms around him, she cried—

"Have I not been the cause of all your sufferings? Has not your fatal attachment to me reduced you to this? and shall I refuse to save you, if in my power, from a noisome dungeon! Oh! let me go immediately my dear Charles."

As a great deal depends upon a first appearance, Angelina habited her children in the most attractive yet simple garb, and hastened with them to the house of Mr. Barfleur. She was admitted immediately, and had every reason to fear, from the sternness of his features, a rejection of her petition. Kneeling, with uplifted hands and supplicating looks, she implored his compassion; while she was supported on one side by a graceful boy, whose eyes were raised with the most expressive earnestness to the furrowed face of Mr. Barfleur, as his arm fondly encircled the neck of his mother; and a lovely little girl, about six years old, hid her face with her hand, and wept in sympathy.

Mr. Barfleur was inconceivably affected, and raising her kindly, assured her that, though he would never forgive the least appearance of imposition, he was so well convinced of her sincerity, he would do all in his power to serve Captain Brunville and her.

He was as good as his word: the bond was cancelled; the children placed at his expence, in reputable schools; and an annual stipend settled on Brunville, till he could, by œconomy, retrieve his affairs. A few years rendered his generosity to the Captain useless, he fell in a desperate engagement, and Mrs. Brunville, never recovering the shock of his death, followed him to the grave in a few months. Still extending his benevolence to the orphan children, he placed Charles in the army; and, finding Angelina daily acquiring fresh beauties, his heart expanded to her with a warmth of sentiment he had scarcely ever felt before. Attached to him by gratitude, the artless caresses of Angelina augmented his passion; and he determined, in defiance of the world's censure, to make her his wife.

Angelina had scarcely seen any other man in her life; certainly loved none so well; and considering little the nature of the engagement, or the disparity of their years, consented without the smallest reluctance, as the most effectual method of ensuring his perpetual protection for herself and brother, whose return was now hourly designed from a foreign expedition, when the ceremony was expected to take place immediately. The wished-for period arrived—Charles rushed into the arms of an affectionate sister—a kind benefactor.—With him he brought a youth; introduced to their notice as one, who, at the risque of his own life, had been the preserver of his, in an enterprize of imminent danger. The modest and pensive looks of the young stranger spoke strongly in his favour; and upon being questioned by Mr. Barfleur respecting his name and family, he replied with an air of distress and humility—

"Excuse me, Sir, on a subject that gives me the most poignant grief. I know but one parent: she fell the victim of parental cruelty, and base seduction; yet her virtues were such as reflect shame on her persecutors; and I live to lament her misfortunes, and revenge her wrongs!"

As his fine countenance was agitated by contending passion, Angelina surveyed

him with mixed surprize and admiration, and, for the first time, wished her destined husband otherwise than he really was. Barfleur watched her with looks of distrust, and trembled for his own success, when contrasted, as he now was, with youth and beauty.

Charles finding he had done wrong in introducing a stranger, apologized with the most respectful timidity; and as Barfleur could do no less than give him a courteous reception, a short time removed all kind of restraint.—Charles expressed the most unfeigned astonishment at the proposed arrangement, yet it was unmixed with dissatisfaction; and Angelina sighed as her lips moved in confirmation of the intelligence.

The young stranger gazed attentively at the whole party, and again relapsed into a state of dejection. In a few days every thing was prepared for the nuptials; and as the hour approached, the heart of Angelina sunk with reluctance. A heavy gloom sat on the brow of Charles, and a tear fell upon the hand of his sister, as he raised it to his lips to congratulate her on her approaching happiness. On the morning appointed for the ceremony, the stranger was no where to be found; but in the dressing room was the following note, addressed to Charles Brunville:

"An unhappy passion, which not even the utmost exertion of my reason can restrain, has occasioned me to act in this mysterious manner. The partiality which your friendship has procured me from your lovely sister, may, in time, be productive of fatal consequences; and as I dare not attempt to injure the benefactor of one I so much esteem, I must tear myself for ever from an object so attracting as Angelina. To hear of her welfare is all the consolation I dare hope for; and my most fervent prayers shall be offered up for her happiness.

EDGAR."

Charles instantly put this note into his patron's hand, and watched his eyes with the most eager attention. Barfleur read it in visible agitation: his hand shook, and tears filled his eyes——"Tell me candidly, Charles," cried he, "do you imagine Angelina has a partiality for this youth?—Remember I question you upon your honor."

Charles tremblingly replied—"I dare not deceive you, Sir, I suspect she has."

Barfleur struck his forehead in doubt and uneasiness—"I see my error," cried he, "and am deservedly punished: but suffer what I may, I will act in an honorable manner—I swore to be the friend of your mother, of her children; and I will prove myself so—not by binding an innocent, lovely girl in bonds of misery! but, by making two worthy hearts happy, deserve happiness myself. You, Charles, I suppose, know where your friend is to be found. Recall him; and if I find, upon further investigation, that he is worthy of my Angelina, she shall be all his own."

Penetrated with joy, Charles blessed his benefactor with undissembled sincerity, and instantly wrote to Edgar, who had joined his company, to return, as the leave of absence granted them was not expired; acquainting him with the whole transaction. Edgar returned immediately; and after paying his acknowlegments was closetted with Mr. Barfleur. When they returned, a gleam of the most heart felt pleasure shone on all his features, and, presenting him to Angelina, he said,—"Heaven, my dear children, never fails to reward a benevolent action. By designing good to others, I have myself derived a most essential benefit. I blush even at this advanced age, to recall to mind the follies of my youth. Edgar IS MY SON!—By me was his mother seduced and abandoned; yet I have since suffered pangs of the deepest anguish. My child shall now be rewarded for the injury I did his mother; and Angelina shall no longer be constrained to me as a husband, but pay me, voluntarily, the love of an affectionate and dutiful child.

The exultation of conscious virtue sparkled in his eyes as his children knelt round him; and, extending his hands with a paternal benediction, he exclaimed, "Would I exchange this blissful moment for what a selfish gratification, founded on the misery of others, could produce? No, no!—Happiness is only to be found in dispensing it to others; and I now feel, that, however passion or prejudice may delude us, the benefits we confer on others are reflected ten-fold upon ourselves, by the blessings of a peaceful conscience."

A short time after Edgar's union with a most amiable woman, Mr. Barfleur waited on her grandfather; and, after informing him of every event, prevailed on him to see the children of his unfortunate son. Pride operating as powerfully as affection, induced him to comply; and their engaging manners soon so effectually removed every unfavorable impression, that, at his death, they became sole possessors of his immense fortune.

HISTORICAL SCRAP.

WHEN Darius offered Alexander ten thousand talents to divide Asia equally with him, he answered, 'The earth cannot bear two suns, nor Asia two kings.'—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, said, 'Were I Alexander I would accept them.' 'So would I,' replied Alexander, 'were I Parmenio.'

COMMUNICATED

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

MESSRS. GILMANS,

THE following relation, addressed to the Editors of a London Monthly Magazine, by a student at Cambridge, is copied from that publication. As it may amuse some of your readers, and perhaps edify others, by giving it a place in the Merrimack Magazine, *you will confer a favour on yours, &c.* N.O.P.Q.

Cambridge, July —, ——.

GENTLEMEN,

THE only account I shall give you with regard to myself is, that I am a fellow of one of the colleges in this university; my chief design in writing is through your means to lay my case before the public. My father very lately sent me down into the fens to make love to a young lady who is mistress of a very considerable fortune, where I discovered, to my no small mortification, that all my learning hitherto has taught me nothing that deserves comparison with the universal knowledge that I met in that discreet and profound family. Not heaven alone, but earth, air, fire, water, birds, beasts, flocks, stones, every part of the still or moving, mute or speaking creation, has contributed to the erudition of my more than accomplished mistress. All things have been laid open to her, if not in their natures, I am sure I may say in their meanings.—In short, after three days unsuccessful endeavors to fathom my fate with regard to this infallible lady, I am come back to my college almost too humble to wish for the possession of a blessing so uncommon.

At my first coming I was received by an old maiden aunt, who is mistress of the ceremonies to the lady I was recommended to; she surprized me with a declaration that she knew of my coming, before she received my father's letter: I said I thought it had been a secret, but she assured me that I had been hanging for a whole week past upon one of the bars of the kitchen chimney. Not being entirly enlightened as to the authority of this dark prognostic, I was preparing to ask a question or two, but was scared out of the intention by a melancholy denunciation, that my father would not live to see the match come to perfection; for this good lady had, the night before this letter was brought to her, seen it coming in both her candles with a winding sheet just over against it. I bowed with a becoming sorrow, and received the prophecy with all that reverence which was due to so extraordinary a reason. This won her to a warmth in my interest, and she would carry me without ceremony, to surprize her niece in the garden, where she was visiting her orange trees in the green-house. We were got as forward on this pleasing journey as to the outside of the garden door, when some or other of those busy powers who envy lovers their proposed enjoyments, put it into the old lady's feet to stumble over the threshold, upon which she turned back in a fright, and pushed me in again with such care and kindness, that I can never sufficiently thank her; since, if I had gone on, after such an ominous warning, and met my mistress in an unlucky minute, all the world it seems, from that time forward, could never have made it possible for me to come near her in a lucky one.

She overtook us, however, as soon as we were got back into the parlour, and broke in upon me with such a flash of charms, that as I saluted her I was struck dumb with rapture; out of which I recovered in time to overhear her tell the old lady, as she was passing round

her to a chair, that it was not I that had drawn open her curtains, when the bride cake was put under her pillow. I was not yet skilful enough to know what good or ill this boded me: but before we were fully seated, a new misfortune had befallen us. My Clarinda's chair tumbled backward, upon which she declared to me with the prettiest resignation in the world, that she was not to be lady mayoress this year, but had patience to support herself under all such disappointments. Being now got into perfect composure, I began to find that I was looking silly. So I sighed three times, and informed her as well as I could of the great respect my father had for the family. And Clarinda, on her part, had opened her fan to its full extent, and was looking down upon it in the proper attitude, and telling the sticks with both fingers, when the aunt interrupted me with a groan (that had been unluckily occasioned by my naming my father) and confirmed her former remark of the winding sheet by a death's head she had found out in the fire. As great misfortunes seldom come single, a malicious coal in the shape of a coffin flew just then to Clarinda's feet, who turned pale, and took it up betwixt her finger and thumb, and after throwing it behind her over the left shoulder, corroborated her aunt's evidence by a death watch that had kept her waking—by the howling of a dog all night long—and by a deep grave that he had scratched up at the foot of a rosemary bush, exactly under her window.

And now their eyes being turned on me, as if they expected my opinion, I gave it them very gravely, that these things had somewhat in them; and it was happy for me that I said no less, for an old family servant, with a very sober mournful face, having heard part of the discourse, while he was busy about the fire, very dismally confirmed our terrors by three proofs, which were stronger than all. First, the squeaking of a weasel, that had met him upon the cellar stairs. Secondly, by a hole that the rats had gnawed in the back of his best livery; and, thirdly, by a strange dream that Mrs. Susan the chambermaid had been almost frighted out of her wits by, about wet cloaths, three ministers, ripe fruit, and roses in blossom. After all which, to put it absolutely out of doubt, and convince us that somebody would die shortly, he shewed us on one of his hands a dirty yellow spot, which the thumb of his other (as he shook his head and observed to us) was not broad enough to cover, and this they all agreed was no better than a death-mould, and must mean something.

In the midst of these miseries, I had very little to say for myself, having been put out of a premeditated speech, which I had been inventing during my whole journey; but as good luck would have it, the tea came in to my relief, and the first dish that had the blessing to approach Clarinda's lips was so richly covered with money bags, floating in white circles all over the surface, that gaiety took place of melancholy. A little spider too was so kind as to spin down good luck into her lap, (which I thought meant me no harm,) nay, I became on a sudden so happy, that her elbow declared in my favour, and her aunt put her to the blush, by observing she must change her bed fellow. But let no man be too much in haste to conclude that he is happy. My triumph was dashed at once, by a discovery that this was childermass-day. After which my mistress said no more, but that nothing would come to good that was begun on that worst day of the year. So her teeth ached most prodigiously; she was sorry she could be no company, and took her leave of us till next morning. In fine, it is impossible to conceive what an infinite variety of notices, impulses, and prognostics, outward and inward, these ladies directed their conduct by. In my three days stay (which I thought enough for my first visit) I could learn nothing, with any certainty, of what I sought chiefly to know; but was edified above measure in the occult sciences of the family. I should never have done were I to let you into the virtues of roses gathered in midsummer night; of hempseed sown and mown in the dark, on the graves of a country church-yard; of patching a pretty face with apple kernels; of cutting the nails falling; of twisting the garter in nine knots round a bed post; and a thousand other deep discoveries which I have made in this delightful journey, and which have put me quite out of conceit with my former studies; since, after having laboured to be wise so many years in a college, I found myself little better than a fool, as often as I came into my mistress' company.—Your humble servant, ÆMILIUS.

Diversity.

THE SEASON.

"Ill fares the trav'ller now, and he that stalks
In pond'rous boots beside his reeking team."

The season, cold and disagreeable, proclaims this, murmuring harshly from the northern sky. Nature is divested of its most beautiful attire, and the Sun in a low region glimmers faintly on us. What are the objects, which can please the traveller? Can trees destitute of foliage afford him pleasure? Can the surface of the earth, cloathed in a garment of snow, which renders it invisible, give satisfaction to a contemplative mind?

The *teamster*, benumbed by the cold, walks on in a surly mood finding nothing to yield him pleasure excepting the idea of increasing his small patrimony. For this consideration he endures the toils of wintry hardships, a faithful plodder in the ways of the world. Accustomed to such scenes he is less mindful of the rigors of a storm, than the merchant inured to his shop, or the student to his closet—Though custom may lessen the severity of the weather, it cannot make storms and tempests agreeable. The piercing wind, the snow and hail may serve as an *acumen* to enhance the pleasures of domestic tranquility, but they cannot be said to possess in themselves any thing delightful.

If man suffers from the severity of the season, will not his team also suffer unless particular care be taken of them? He, who feels for the miseries of an human being will pity the sufferings of the beasts of burden. Show me a man, who is cruel and unmerciful to his cattle, and I will show you a tyrant. Men may be judged of their humanity, by their treatment to the inferior orders of creation. The unfeeling soul displays itself in inflicting torments on the defenceless creatures intrusted to his care by a righteous Being, and those very creatures too, which are formed for his subserviency.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

The company of the FAIR SEX has a very powerful influence on the sentiments and conduct of men. Women, the fruitful source of half our joys, and perhaps of more than half our sorrows, give an elegance to our manners, and a relish to our pleasures. They sooth our afflictions and soften our cares. Too much of their company would render us effeminate, and infallibly stamp upon us many signatures of the female nature. A rough and unpolished behaviour, as well as slovenliness of person, will certainly be the consequence of an almost constant exclusion from it. By spending a reasonable portion of our time in the company of the ladies, and another in the company of our own sex, we shall imbibe a proper share of the softness of the female, and at the same time retain the firmness and constancy of the male.

"We believe that it is proper," says an amiable writer, who has studied the human heart with success, "for persons of the same age, of the same sex, of similar dispositions and pursuits, to associate together. But here we seem to be deceived by words. If we consult nature and common sense, we shall find, that the true propriety and harmony of social life depend upon the connection of people of different dispositions and characters judiciously blended together. Nature hath made no individual, nor no class of people, independent of the rest of their species, or sufficient for their own happiness.

"Each sex, each character, each period of life, have their several advantages and disadvantages; and that union is the happiest and most proper where wants are mutually supplied.

"The fair sex should naturally hope to gain from our conversation, knowledge, wisdom and sedateness; and they should give us, in exchange, humanity, politeness, cheerfulness, taste and sentiment."

ONE KIND KISS BEFORE WE PART.

A YOUNG lady having purchased an assortment of music at a warehouse in Philadelphia, on returning to her carriage recollected a piece which she had neglected to purchase. "Sir," said she, on re-entering the shop, "there is yet one thing which I have forgot, and which I must now request you to give me." "And what is that?" asked the young music seller. "It is, Sir," replied she, hesitating, and running over the titles of the music she held in her hand, "It is—"One kind kiss before we part."—The gay youth, vaulting instantaneously over the table, saluted the fair stranger!——It is scarcely necessary to inform the reader, (who will recollect the song, "One kind kiss before we part!") that it was an AIR of a less TOUCHING nature, than the one given by our hero, which the lady expected to receive.

ANECDOTE OF DR. JOHNSON.

When Dr. Samuel Johnson made the tour of Scotland, in 1773, he was admitted, speciali gratia, into the fraternity of sages, known at Edinburgh by the title of the Physica Theological Society. The conversation, as usual, turned upon a very abstruse point of metaphysicks, viz. Whether a man would accept of existence by choice; or whether the Deity, to carry on the present system of things, must not compel him to existence by necessity? After many hours speech in the most subtle and acute refinements of logic, the whole company turned their eyes on the doctor, and requested to hear his sentiments. His answer was couched in his usual cynical strain. "For my part, I think the solution of the question ultimately depends on the single circumstance, of considering under what denomination of country the supposed subject for existence was to be discriminated. If he was to be an Englishman, he would exist by CHOICE; if a Scotchman, by NECESSITY."

ANECDOTE OF A VENETIAN LADY.

The lady of a noble Venetian lost her only son, and in consequence became a prey to the most excruciating sorrow. One of the reverend fraternity, to console her, among other things, reminded her how great must have been the affliction of Abraham, who, nevertheless, without murmuring, obeyed the commands of Heaven, and was prepared to sacrifice his beloved, his only son!—Ah! holy father, replied the lady, in all the poignant emphasis of grief—God would never exact such a sacrifice of a *mother!*

Poetry.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

SONNET TO CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT! ſmiling, charming maid,
In bright celeſtial robes array'd,
Thy ſmiles, life's ſorrows can allay,
My heart thy mandates would obey.

In all our joys, in all our cares,
Through ev'ry ſcene our fortune bears,
In proſperous and in adverſe hours,
When hope conſoles—misfortune lours—
Thy ſmiles can cheer life's chan;ing day,
My heart thy mandates would obey.

Come then, O! ſmiling cherub, come,
This boſom make thy conſtant home,
Here ſhed thy animating ray,
My heart thy mandates would obey.

Jan. 1806. INCOGNITA.

FOR THE MERRIMACK MAGAZINE.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE worth of Friendſhip none can tell
But thoſe who taſte its nectar'd ſweets;
It can the keeneſt grief diſpel;
'Tis this our earthly bliſs compleats.

From Friendſhip, heavenly choirs above,
Receive the half of all their joy;
And men from friendſhip, and from love,
A bliſs which time can never cloy.

Yet Friendſhip, e'er ſo well refin'd,
Reſerve will wound; diſtruſt, deſtroy;
Diſtruſt will canker ev'ry mind,
Reſerve impede each ſocial joy.

Would the forlorn and friendleſs know
Where friendſhip dwells with pureſt glow;
With pleaſure I will frankly own,
That *A——'s breaſt is Friendſhip's throne.*

Jan. 1806. TEOPON.

THE DYING SAILOR.

HOW drear the ſcene—what gloomy forms ariſe;
O'er the wide boſom of the briny deep;
What murmuring horrors ſkim along the ſkies;
And hollow ſounds acroſs the ocean ſweep.

Full to the view, behold the ſhivering tar
Graſp the rude helm, his floating bark to guide;
While the deaf billows wait his hopes afar
From thoſe dear ſcenes which o'er his memory [glide.

With deep diſmay he views the trackleſs main;
But ſtill a ray of hope dwells in his breaſt;
Still, ſtill his Anna welcomes him again,
In her dear arms his ſeaport toils are bleſt.

But, ah! vain hopes—another riſing wave
Hurls the frail veſſel on ſome unknown ſhoal;
Thus the fond lover meets his watery grave,
While Anna's name flits with his parting ſoul.

Ah! Anna dear, your faithful ſailor dies,
Soon will his ſpirit hail his native ſkies.

THE WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers ſat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat;
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver ſcarce could eat.

'What with my brats and ſickly wife,'
Quoth Dick, 'I'm tir'd of my life;
So hard my work, ſo poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

'How glorious is the rich man's ſtate!
His houſe ſo fine! his wealth ſo great!
Heaven is unjuſt you muſt agree,
Why all to him? Why none to me?

'In ſpite of what the ſcripture teaches,
In ſpite of what the parſon preaches,
This world (indeed I've thought ſo long)
Is rul'd, methinks, extremely wrong.

'Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confus'd, and hard, and ſtrange;
The good are troubled and oppreſs'd,
And all the wicked are the bleſs'd.'

Quoth John, 'Our ign'rance is the cauſe,
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;
Parts of his ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can ſee below.

'See'ſt thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, haſt well begun?
Behold the wild confuſion there,
So rude the maſs it makes one ſtare!

'A ſtranger, ign'rant of the trade,
Woud ſay no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all diſorder.

Quoth Dick, 'My work is yet in bits,
But ſtill in ev'ry part it fits;
Beſide you reaſon like a lout,
Why, man, that carpet's inſide out.'

Says John, 'Thou ſay'ſt the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy ſpleen;
This world, which clouds thy ſoul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inſide out.

'As when we view theſe ſhreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So when on earth things look but odd,
They're working ſtill ſome ſcheme of God.

'No plan, no pattern can we trace,
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor ſee the beauteous upper ſide.

'But when we reach that world of light,
And view thoſe works of God aright;
Then ſhall we ſee the whole deſign,
And own the Workman is divine.

'What now ſeem random ſtrokes, will there
All order and deſign appear;
Then ſhall we praiſe what here we ſpurn'd,
For then the carpet ſhall be turn'd.'

'Thou'rt right,' quoth Dick, 'no more I'll grum-
That this ſad world's ſo ſtrange a jumble; [ble,
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own Carpet ſets me right.'

An Epigram—On ſeeing a young Lady writing Verſes, with a hole in her Stocking.

To ſee a lad'y of ſuch grace,
With ſo much ſenſe and ſuch a face,
So flatternly, is ſhocking;
Oh! if you would with Venus vie,
Your pen and poetry lay by,
And learn to mend your ſtocking.

To Readers & Correspondents.

OUR friends N.O.P.Q. INCOGNITA, and TEOPON, will oblige us by a continuance of favours, and accept the tribute of thanks for the present.—It is hoped that our literary friends will become more numerous, in proportion to the increase of readers in Newburyport, and other towns.

We laſt week informed the FAIR PATRONS of the MERRIMACK MAGAZINE that their number was increasing; we have now the pleaſure of obſerving that an addition thereto has ſince been made.—— It is expected that the number will become very conſiderable before the firſt volume is concluded, which may induce the Editors to continue the publication through years.

Hymeneal.

'Delightful ſtate! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.

MARRIED]—In Concord, N. H. *George B. Upham*, to Miſs *Mary Duncan.*

In Keene, N. H. Mr. *Nathan Blake*, aged 94, to Mrs. *Mary Brinton*, aged 64. He being the only ſurvivor of the firſt ſettlers of the town.

In Amherſt, Mr. *Ziba Lain, jr.* to Miſs *Frances G. Dennis.*

In Portland, Mr. *Samuel Wyman*, to Miſs *Anna Maxwell.*——Mr. *Crowell Hatch*, to Miſs *Nancy Daley.*

In Scarborough, Mr. *William Brown*, merch. to Miſs *Octavia Southgate.*—Mr. *Thomas Goodwin, jr.* to Miſs *Betſy Clark.*

Obituary.

'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions ſoar,
'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!'

DIED]—In Portland, Mrs. *Lydia Howe*, aged 21, wife of Mr. Nathan H.

In Biddeford, Mrs. *Elizabeth Haley.*

In Bath, on the 11th inſt. *Dudley B. Hobart*, Eſq. Collector of that Port.

In Salem, Mr. *John Gunniſon*, aged 22.

DEATHS during the year 1805.

In Salem—95 males—121 females—total 216.

In Auguſta, (Me.)—6 adults—3 children—total 9.——Number of inhabitants about 2000.

In Orford, (N. H.)—6 adults—10 children—total 16.——In 35 years, 267—70 were adults.

CASH for RAGS.

☞ Yes, CASH, and the highest price too, will be given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS, at the Post-Office, State-Street... *Jan.* 4.

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